

BIG PARADE PROVES BRILLIANT SPECTACLE

Hose Races Break Even For The Jerome And Prescott Teams

Perfect weather conditions marked the celebration in Prescott yesterday, scarcely a breeze stirring to disturb the folds of the numerous flags that were generously distributed around the city.

From early morn a large crowd was on the qui vive to participate in the events of the day. At about 10 a. m. the special train arriving at the Santa Fe depot added a numerous quota to the number of pleasure seekers, upwards of five hundred tickets for Prescott being sold at Jerome alone, and numberless people from other out of town points were present to swell the good humored crowds. The program was carried out without a hitch of any description, and the celebration was an immense success, which would have done credit to a town of far greater pretensions than Prescott.

MANY STRIKING FLOATS IN LINE

Shortly after 10 o'clock the advance guard of the parade was seen coming over the brow of the hill on Gurley street, the signal for every cogn of vantage from which to view the procession was eagerly sought for by the interested sightseers.

The Eagles' band followed, and then in succession came a company of United States infantry and cavalry. The members of the fire department, in full uniform, followed, and then came a big carryall, drawn by a team of six fine horses, the carriage bearing a banner showing it to be the representative of the Mount Union Consolidated Company.

A float advertising the Yavapai market came next, representing a huge sausage machine, and much amusement was aroused by this float and the humorous process of manufacturing the succulent sausage, by putting a dog into one section of the machine, and taking out the finished article from another part of the contrivance. Smaller specimens of the edible were freely distributed along the line of march by the men in charge.

The Samuel Hill Hardware Company had quite a unique float in the parade. It represented a destroyer, the John Paul Jones, and a touch of realism was given the boat by smoke issuing from its funnels, the boat being built over an automobile, which furnished the motive power.

The Bashford-Burmister Company had two floats in line, one representing the "Progress of Prescott," the other a political subject showing the strength of the anti-joint stakeholder supporters, and the weakness of the advocates of the joint stakeholder movement. The car representing "Progress" was singularly well designed, and as equally well carried out. A Roman chariot, driven by a young lady dressed in white, and six smaller girls also dressed in white, and bearing shields with inscriptions, were the central figures.

Another very noticeable float was that of the R. H. Burmister & Sons Company, the central figures being a party of four children, dressed in the quaint colonial style of the latter 18th century, seated around a table, loaded down with goodies of every kind.

Other business houses represented were: The Briley Drug Company, Ed. Kiehl, O. K. market, Emanuel Paint Shop, Kastner's, Fashion Stables, Club Stables, J. H. Mills, and others, the parade being closed with a detachment of cowboys, followed by a number of Indian braves and squaws.

Quite a striking feature in the parade was a buggy drawn by a well-matched team of handsome black horses, with harness in white. This entry was made by Frank F. Nevins.

The line of march of the parade was from the corner of Mt. Vernon and Gurley streets, westward along Gurley street, to Montezuma, south on Montezuma to Carleton, east on Carleton to Cortez, and north on Cortez to the railroad depot, where it disbanded.

The Bashford-Burmister Company

was given the first prize on account of the excellently decorated floats it put in line. F. F. Nevins was awarded second prize. This beautiful turnout was driven by Miss Pauline Johns and Miss Percy Murphy.

JEROME TAKES THE WET TEST

By far the most interesting feature of the celebration, a part of which was pulled off yesterday, was the hose race between the Prescott and the Jerome teams. For reasons not yet made public, the money offered by the Jerome visitors in backing their home team was not covered. A portion of the smaller bets offered were taken, but there was Jerome money going begging when the first race was called. Interest centered in the hose races, and the visiting residents from the copper city were anxious and more than willing to back their team to any amount between \$1,000 and a five dollar note.

When the visiting hose team made its appearance on the street for the wet test, betting in a small way was rather brisk, but only a small portion of the money offered by the Jerome backers was taken by the local admirers of the Prescott team. By the worst kind of bad luck, the local team lost through the nozzle not being set in time, and on the art of both the Jerome and the Prescott team this accident was deplored.

After a toss up at the headquarters of the Jerome boys it was decided that the visiting team should make the first run in the wet test, and the showing they made was so fast and their work so clever that Prescott was apparently out of it after the running time had been announced. At no time since these competitions have been in vogue, between teams from different towns, in this part of the territory has there been such a clean showing as was made by the Jerome team.

They ran the distance in splendid form, and there was no hitch in breaking hose, turning on the water, or in fitting the nozzle.

The run from the standpoint of a well-informed fireman, was as nearly perfect as possible, and when 22 2-5 seconds was announced as the time, there was little betting to show that the local sports thought they could win anything by banking on the home team.

While the local team was beaten this run in practice it was known that there would be little chance of winning out in the run for the money, and people who before the run of the Jerome boys had been anxious to place their money on the Prescott team, quietly took back seats and said nothing. When the home team ran to the hydrant, it seemed there might be a chance to beat even the excellent record of the visitors. The run was faster than that of the Jerome team, and all seemed well until the coupling was broken and the nozzle was started in its fittings; then the crash was made apparent.

Blame can be attached to no one member of the team, but water was turned on before the nozzle was well fitted, and the result was a fiasco.

From those who held watches on the run it is learned that the run was made quite a bit faster than that of the Jerome boys, and that had no accident happened, the test would have been as good as a tie, if not better. Several watches showed that water was at the end of the hose line in less than 22 seconds, but having failed in setting the nozzle there was no chance to win. The visiting team one and all expressed their disappointment at the local team having met with this accident, and declared they would have much rather seen the race made without any such fiasco.

The decision in favor of the Jerome team was heartily greeted by everyone, as the run they made, with the quick work in breaking and fitting the

nozzle entitled them to it. The two teams last year tied in the wet test, which was pulled off in Jerome, both teams making the test in 24 1-5 seconds on the track back of the United Verde hospital in Jerome. Three years ago, when the teams met here they made a close run, the visitors winning the wet test in 27 seconds.

The judges of the race were H. Aitken, of Prescott; Dr. Kaul, of Jerome, and Paul Hastings. The time-keepers were Superintendent Bailey, of the Western Union; Jerome Hoover, of Jerome; and Wm. Bashford, of Prescott. The time given out, which is faster than has been made for several years past, was agreed in by all the time-keepers, although one watch caught it a quarter of a second faster than was announced.

PRESCOTT EVENS UP THE SCORE

At no time in the past few years has Prescott been more interested in the hose races than was the case in what is called the dry test, or the straightaway run of the fire ladders with their cart over a course of 100 yards. Two-fifths of a second is not much time measured in the ordinary course of business events, but when checked against a hose team running in less than 13 seconds, each fraction counts for a lot.

When the visiting hose team made the run with the cart in less than 13 seconds, and the timers announced that they had covered the course in 12 4-5 seconds, it was thought that the home team would have a hard struggle to beat the record.

Because the Jerome boys had won the wet test so easily it was the general opinion that they would have it their own way in the straightaway, and while wagers of small money were frequent, the backing due the local team was not in evidence.

The run of the home team was made in 12 2-5 seconds, two seconds faster than that made by the visitors, and the entire race against the time of the Jerome boys was well worth seeing.

Everets as spike seemed to carry the balance of the team along with him, and the way they covered the ground after passing the 50 yard mark was worth watching among all who know anything about the game.

The home team won clean, running 2-5ths of a second faster than the Jerome boys, and by winning the straightaway, made the contest practically a draw as to the prizes for the hose teams.

The race was probably the most interesting of the three which were run against the Jerome contingent, and the opinion prevails that the manner in which the three events ended will lead to stimulate interest in any further efforts to get the teams together, or to get the 100 yard runners in a match race.

The Jerome visitors are as good losers as they are winners, and after the last race had been won by the home team they were as loud in the praise of the winning team as the people who backed the men.

SOLDIERS' AND BOY'S SPORTS

Included in the excellently arranged program of yesterday afternoon were the sports given by the infantry from Fort Whipple.

With the plaza and the street around it crowded with sightseers, the soldiers gave a most attractive performance, beginning with the usual drill, and followed by what is called a skirmish drill.

This is a test of endurance, where a participant starts in the contest with no accoutrement, and as he covers the course, picks up one by one the articles

of his equipment, presumably in an effort to cover a certain number of yards in a final run fully equipped with gun, cartridge belt, blanket, knapsack, and in fact, the entire equipment of an infantryman in heavy marching order. The prize was awarded to Private Briscoe.

Moons of the infantry won the hundred yard dash, with all equipment in 14 1-5 seconds, carrying no less than 40 pounds, and perhaps more, in making the run.

The tent pitching was neatly done, and was witnessed by a large crowd that thronged the plaza where this test was given. This test of quick work was to place a wall tent in position, and the adept work of all who participated was a revelation to those who had never had an opportunity to witness it before this contest.

The shelter tent pitching was likewise interesting, and was done in fairly good time.

The running high jump was won by Trumpeter Stewart of Company I, his record for the day being four feet and eight inches.

The soldiers' sports throughout were very interesting to all who watched them, and the commandant at the fort is highly praised for this effort to give the general public a chance to see the inside working of the training of Uncle Sam's regulars.

Boys Took a Part.

The program given in the boys' sports last evening was highly entertaining, not only to the children who took part, but to a large crowd of visitors that watched the outcome of each event with much attention.

The bike races for the young ones, and the pony and foot races, along with the relay race, in which an effort was made to beat a pony around the plaza, were all of interest to those who enjoy seeing the youngsters have a good time.

This portion of yesterday's program was decidedly interesting, and the manner in which the several events were pulled off, is a good mark to the credit of the sub-committee that had this matter in charge.

INDIANS GIVE A TRIBAL DANCE

No less than fifty of the visiting Apaches made a hit with the public last evening, when they gave one of their tribal dances on Montezuma street.

They began with the customary chant well sung by the bucks who sat in a circle in the street, surrounded by the women of the tribe, who kept in rhythmic touch with the chant of the men, moving in unison with the song.

When the first chant had been given the dance was started, and in the manner peculiar to the Indians of the Southwest, one of the many dances of these people was performed. A drumming hymn accompanied the dancers as they went through the evolutions and before the finish came all were loud in their song as they went into the ring, and executed an odd side-step movement, several being more adept than the majority, and apparently better versed in the dance than the others.

SPORTS TODAY AT THE RACE TRACK

The sports scheduled for this afternoon at the race track will begin at two o'clock sharp, and will comprise exhibitions of steer tying, broncho riding, soldiers' sports, and will conclude with a half mile dash.

Twenty entries have been received for the steer tying contest, among the contestants being Frank Condren, Joe Rudy, Van Dixon, Walter Cline, K. Baregon, Chas. Burk, C. Townsend, W. Johnson, Jas. Carter, Jose Cline, Bert Jackson, Henry Ritter, Wm. Ellison, Lon Lancaster, Dave Berry, Harvey Hance and R. Brocamonte. The personnel of the entries is sufficient guarantee of the quality of sport that will be dished out.

Immediately at the conclusion of this contest the broncho busters will have a showing. For this feature of the program, C. Townsend, Frank Condren, Harvey Wright, and Sterling Ellis have entered, and the event is bound to furnish considerable amusement.

There are three teams, two to a team, in the cavalry relief race, which is expected to be one of the features of the afternoon.

Additional soldiers' sports have been arranged for, and the meeting will conclude with a half mile dash, that is expected to bring out some speed development. Only those ponies used in the steer tying contest are eligible to entry.

Special trains will be run from the

"FOURTH" RECALLS THE DAYS OF OLD

(By John T. Waldorf.)

Nowadays one Fourth of July seems to follow close on the heels of another. It was different in the old days. Somehow Fourth of July used to approach Virginia City with the most irritating leisure. Perhaps we began to look for it a little early, but as nearly as I can remember we always waited until the middle of May before we began to count the days. At any rate, "Old Doc" stretched the truth when he said: "Them Arctic Circle fellers haven't the best of us. We split our year into two days, and have a heap more noise, 'cause one is Christmas and the other's Fourth of July."

The period of anticipation always tried our patience sorely, but the necessity of getting our own spending money took some of the edge off the dulness. It was a poor day when we failed to gather something in the way of junk. We accumulated bits of wrought iron, cast iron, lead, zinc, copper, brass and glass. We saved up coal oil cans, sacks and rags. Our mothers had all they could do to keep us from stripping the house of extra clothing. Rags were quoted at half a cent a pound, and the last week of the long wait always found us looking upon everything in the cloth line as rags. Once a boy whose name has escaped me was a little short of the twenty pounds that the junkman demanded before he parted with ten cents, and he made up the difference by "nipping" his mother's wedding dress. She never wore it, and he couldn't see what use it was, anyway. Father was big and strong. There wasn't going to be any stepfather, and sister had vowed she would die an old maid rather than wear a second-hand wedding dress.

This brings up a picture of Robinson, the junkman. He was tall, and had curly hair, and a sharp nose, and he carried ever so many dimes and quarters and halves in a dirty leather sack. Maybe he wasn't tall, but he certainly looked big to us. He had a yard piled high with junk, and we gave him a financial rating second only to that of Mackay and Fair. In the matter of arithmetic he was a genius, except on the rare occasions on which he smelt of whisky. With Robinson there were only two perfumes in the world, whisky and onions. The latter never interfered with his talent for driving keen bargains. The former generally got him sadly mixed, but when he paid more than was due the boys who were acquiring Fourth of July money were too patriotic to remind him of his error. Robinson was not a philanthropist, and he prided himself on his business ability. Perhaps the boys didn't want to hurt his feelings.

Giving credit where credit is due, I, on behalf of the kids of the old Comstock, admit a debt of gratitude to Robinson. He had the only junk store in town, and if he had spurned us many a fine Fourth of July would have been gloomier than the first day of school. Money from that dirty leather sack was responsible for much enthusiasm and more noise. The money that came from home always had a string to it. We were expected to spend it like little gentlemen; what we got from Robinson's we scattered around in ways that would bring the most joy to our heathen souls.

Fourth of July was a day of early rising. We used to get up before the sun lit up the streets, but not before the beams had begun to caress the flag on Mount Davidson. The splendor that the Stars and Stripes borrowed from heaven made our hearts beat with a fierce patriotism, and filled us "chock full" of a brand of enthusiasm that meant trouble for the timid, nervous folk who dreaded redheads, bombs and double-headed Dutchmen. I shall never forget these double-headers. They have since been outlawed. They were the Captain Kidds of fireworks. We aimed them carefully and touched them off. With an honest explosion they started on their journey, flew straight to the victim, and at the critical moment completed their usefulness by another explosion louder than the first. When a Virginia City boy sighted an enemy on the Fourth of July he bought a quarter's worth of double headers. After the quarter's worth was gone the enemy owed the boy something.

And the parades of those old days! They were worth seeing. The town had more kinds of soldiers than Napoleon ever marshaled under his banners. The Emmet Guards in the glory of Irish green, with soldierly Captain Peter Dunne at their head; the Washingtons in red, the Nationals in blue, the Montgomerys, the Sarsfields, the Tigers, the battery of artillery, three or four brass bands, plenty of color, plenty of noise. It was glorious.

Of course, we had our favorites. Some of us wanted to be Emmets, but it was the Tigers who caught most of us. The Tigers wore zouave uniforms, and had a color combination red and blue and yellow that was irresistible. It was once the ambition of my life to be a Tiger. If I had succeeded I would have slept in the uniform. I would never have had the heart to take it off.

Aside from the soldiers and the brass bands, and the red-shirted firemen, we small boys found nothing in the parade worth noticing, but there was plenty of what we wanted, and we were thankful. The grand marshal and his army of aids, the floats and the ship of state with a stuckup Goddess of Liberty and a bunch of giggling girls, had little interest for us. Once Dr. Zangerle, the "Flying Dutchman," wore the sash of an aid, and rode the meanest horse in town. He was an exception. "Doc" charged up and down C street, the horse shied about twice a minute, and the parade had to do some lively side-stepping. As far as I know, "Doc" is the only marshal's aid who ever made a hit with the small boys.

And now the Fourth of July is here again. How the day can be properly observed without the Emmets and the Montgomerys, and the Washingtons, and the Sarsfields, and the dear old Tigers is beyond me. They are all gone. Still the country is free. I can't understand it. Perhaps I'm getting old. And yet I'm young enough to shout "Hooray for the Fourth!"

By courtesy of the railroad company, the band will be conveyed to the race track, leaving at 1.30. It is announced that the sports will commence promptly at 2 o'clock. Prescott depot to the race track at one o'clock, 1.30 o'clock and 2 o'clock.

The fare for the round trip has been fixed at 25c for adults, and 15c for children.

Our home made candies are "made to eat," guaranteed pure. Edmunds & Jackson, near Burke Hotel.